the floor in an obscure corner of the room is a little brown, shrivelled-up old man, with a cast eye and a long grey beard, who hails from the Dariba byways and whose memory has seen Delhi drenched in mlenchcha* blood.

Sitting with bowed head over clasped hands, he is yet a personage in the spiritual world, the real, where the ambassadresses are of small account, though he may not know his great-ness in waking hours.

It is a motley company there in those royal precincts, where the amaranth trees wave over the steps down which to the Goomti the languid feet of the Asylum of the Universe have so often dallied, and " Boppery bop " -f-sighed from the lips of the Refuge of the World, and mother monkeys perform with pains the toilettes of their little ones round the temple, and all around the cardinal banners of the gold mohur tree, India's most gorgeous flower, are blazing for the marriage-month, and behind the grey, fluted domes of the tomb mansions on their green velvet stoeps proclaim the pomp of kings, before whose

majesty in life a sneeze meant loss of nose, still grand in death.

* Non-Hindu. t " **Dear me ! »**

 Then